JOHN PAUL IN LONDON.

HIGH LIFE AND FLUNKYISM.

FOG FOR BOTTLING—HOW TO BE NEIGHBORLY WITH A DUKE—THE TRADESMAN'S REVERENCE FOR RANK—"BY APPOINTMENT" OVERDONE—PALACES THAT ARE NOT PALATIAL—THE QUEEN'S DOMESTIC ECONOMY—THE PRINCE OF WALES—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH—THE ENGLISH CHAMBERLAINS—INTERNATIONAL PHILOSOPHY—CONTRASTS.

LONDON, Jan. 7-29.—One of the charms of landing and living in a great and strange city is the delightful sensation (to me) of for *once* finding and feeling yourself *alone*. A vast and quiet peace folds you in its arms. The turmoils and the troubles of society stand as far aloof from you as the black meadows of the moon. You are as a pebble which has been suddenly dropped into the very heart of the outer ocean; down you sink, the waters close around, and you are shut out of all material sight and knowledge—not a ripple remains on the surface, not even a bubble rises to tell the secret of your reposing place. The happy calm of the drowned is yours.

And especially is this sweet seclusion yours if you dip into London at the proper season—by which I mean out of season, of course. For the most of the time a fog, which no human eye can penetrate, will then enfold you. I am writing now, at noonday, by the light of a huge moderator lamp and two powerful candles.

We had all started for Crystal Palace, to spend the day, planning to walk from Piccadilly (next door to the Duke of Devonshire's) to Victoria station, and call on the Queen while passing through St. James Park. But so dense a fog came on before we got to Buckingham Gate, that we were unable either to go on or to retrace our steps, and might in our bewilderment have brought up in the winding sheet of water at the lower end, among the other ducks and geese, had it not been for the politeness of George Ranger, who piloted us out.

With all I had heard of a London fog, I certainly had very little idea of the reality. Standing on the walk we could hear the sound of wheels in the mall and the voices of drivers speaking, but of carriage or horses (or harness) could not see even a trace. A fog like this might be bottled, like beer, for exportation. And I intend carrying a few dozen home with me for private consumption—not that I think it would be "good for consumption," but just to smell of occasionally. Familiar once with its bouquet, you soon understand how the Englishman comes to be so unhappy—flopping about like a fish out of water—the moment he gets where there's none in the air.

ARISTOCRATIC CUSTOMERS.

As I have before hinted, if one wisely bury his letters of introduction in his pocket, and betake him to a quiet and aristocratic part of the town, unknown to and unfrequented by Americans, he can secure a quiet and a peace which passeth all understanding. Though located so near to an Earl that you could sling a cat into his windows, he'll not trouble you—unless you *do* sling a cat into his windows; and even the Duke next door won't expect you to be more than neighborly. In all Christian countries, understand "being neighborly" means staying at home. But if an American of distinction, there is one thing you cannot escape. The higher class of shopmen will find you out; the tushmaker in chief to Her Majesty the Queen; the wigmaker in ordinary to His Grace, the late Prince Consort; the cheesemonger by permission to the Prince of Wales; the muttonmonger by special appointment to the Duke of Edinburgh; and the Lord Chamberlain only knows what not, to the Lord in Waiting only knows who, will send you circulars and solicit patronage. The very day of our debut in Dover-st. an undertaker sent in his announcement of "a superior system of funerals (including a new patent funeral car), with elegance, refinement, and economy. No mutes or other repulsive paraphernalia." And next day, "Messrs. J., by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H. the Princess of Wales, H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge, and H. R. H. the Princess Louise of Hesse, request the honor of a visit at the London General Mourning Warehouse from Mrs. Paul, to inspect some remarkably good things in crape, &c., of the newest and best types of fashion." But the most pertinacious and wretchedly contumacious lot of all was a firm of which the leading name is "Horne," significant of cheap spectacles. "Opticians to the Queen, by special appointment," who for several days in succession kept sending their price-list of goggles, and warning me that "sufferers from defective sight" should lose no time in securing and reading their "'Hints on Spectacles,' sent post free for six stamps." I gave more stamps than six indeed, as day after day the post came laden with these same cards, but the "Hints" have not yet come to hand. For spectacles of a certain sort I have a fondness; a Lord Mayor's Show, the assassination of a cabman, or any other splendid pageant, I would not miss if it lay within a day's travel; but strabismus I have not, and as for sight, one who can snuff a candle—I have indeed shot tapirs in Brazil—at ten paces, has little need for glasses with any sort of lens—unless, perhaps, a *lens conscia recti*.

In this statement about the shower of shopmen's cards that fall on a stranger, I will very likely be accused of drawing upon my imagination. That is the treatment, at least, that I usually get when I go along in a careless way and tell the truth without really thinking of what I'm doing. Now the fact of it is that in this instance I draw from life, simply copying cards, the accumulation of two days, that lie before me. I'll send the original packages on if you yet doubt my stern facts.

This "by appointment" business strikes a stranger as very funny. From the corner of Duke and Jermyn-sts. (but a few blocks away) the sign of "Cheesemonger to Her Majesty and H. R. H. the Prince of Wales" stares me in the face. And as for the corset-makers and opticians boasting "special appointment," bless my soul, you would think by the multitude of them that the dear and most gracious Queen and the rest of the royal family were little else but stays and green spectacles!

I did not expect to find quite so much reverence for rank in the ranks of tradesmen. But they've all got it—bad. Go to a gunmaker, and instead of showing you targets that his guns have made he will drag out his books and read over a list of the Lords who patronize him. The tailor will reverentially unroll for your respectful contemplation the hallowed satinet from which some Marquis of Carabas has had a pair of breeches, and if you do not seem awestruck and impressed he looks grieved. So with the trades all through: there's no end of this sort of flunkyism, and it surprises me, for I had thought that Lords were so plenty nowadays that they didn't count for much, and that in England one man's money was as good as another's. Not so, however; the patronage of a peer seems to pay whether he does or not.

HOW DUKES AND PRINCES LIVE.

As for the noble swells themselves, from what I've seen of them (though perhaps one can very little judge of what people actually are by simply meeting them in court circles and the glare of fashionable drawing-rooms) I should say they are not a bad lot, generally speaking, and that in the main they are well behaved, less given to putting on frills than one would suppose, considering all the fuss made over them. Their houses, as a rule, are not at all the palaces which an ardent republican imagination pictures. The Duke of Marlborough's doesn't begin with the house I had in Brooklyn. The Bishop of Brooklyn's residence would put the Bishop of London's to the blush, were the brick of the latter not so dingy that its red is invisible brown. The Duke of Norfolk's town house you would inventory as but a cheap boarding-house in passing it casually by. Apsley House, famous for the Waterloo banquets given there in the Duke of Wellington's time (bloody good dinners they ought to have been), is a sort of sarcophagus externally, and I would about as soon think of trying to be jolly in the British Museum, among the Abyssinian antiquities. Even Buckingham Palace, where the blessed Queen eats her royal mutton, has no point of architectural beauty to hang a recollection on. Marlborough House, Wales's wigwam (what you can see of it), has rather a jollier face, and passing by it the other day I saw "Ich Dien" written on the gate. Supposing this meant that the Prince was at dinner, I didn't go in to disturb him; but I have since learned (the newspapers let it out once in a while) that he was and is in India. Wales, by the way, seems a great favorite with the people, notwithstanding that he owes something more than a half million pounds. He is a good fellow and spends his money freely, they say. And there is not one of his specially appointed wig-makers or pandowdy bakers probably who would refuse even now to trust him. But the Duke of Edinburgh, who I had supposed was anchored deeply in the popular heart, has no hold there at all. As "the Sailor Prince," a majestic Tar, he was once in excellent odor; but now that they have him on shore the savor is less sweet in the nostrils of his commonalty, and they accuse him of being "mean"—parsimonious in his mode of life. Certainly he comes of thrifty parentage enough, the private fortune of the Queen mother, accumulated by saving, being estimated at some millions of pounds—four or five, I think. With this money on hand, and employing very little of it in business, one would think the good lady might dower off her daughters as occasion makes necessary, without calling on the nation to do it.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, the town houses of my noble friends, the Dukes, Marquises, Earls, and all, of this great realm. Some of them erect a coat of arms over their doors, but the majority go on and keep shop without hanging out any sort of a sign. Just as well, no doubt; they probably get all the custom they care for without sticking out a shingle. But you must not infer that those residences are as plain inside as out. Not at all. You land your overshoes in wide and stately halls, and the hight and breadth of the drawing-rooms, the effect of the great dining-room when, at the request of the Duke who insists that you shall stay to dinner, you hand the Duchess in—the effect of all this is very stunning, and calculated to make your republican hair curl. The dinginess of exterior, the absence of door-plates, is all affected; old families leave that sort of thing to the new, preferring that a house shall look as though somebody's grandfather once lived in it.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S AMERICAN COUSIN.

As yet we have not had the pleasure of meeting the Queen, owing, perhaps, to her Majesty's being at Osborne. It was my intention to look in at Buckingham and leave our pasteboards, notwithstanding, but after considerable correspondence with Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas M. Biddulph, K. C. B., whom I addressed on the subject, I learned that the Lord Chamberlain at St. James was the one to whom application should be made. So with all the promptness and politeness of our nation, I at once wrote to Mr. Chamberlain, in that easy and graceful style with which the readers of your columns are so happily familiar, telling him that I knew John—who had a deal to do in a business way with kings, queens, (and jacks)—very well, having frequently been in his house at Long Branch. And that I had had no objection to "bucking" a little at Buckingham, with his kind permission. The return mail brought a polite communication to the effect that the palace was not now open to the public, and not wishing to disturb a private game I said no more about it. A friend who had the run of the rooms offered to take us in, but it so happened that on that evening we were engaged out to Madame Tussaud's, the next day we were down for a lunch at Westminster Abbey (it is a solemn pleasure to eat veal and ham pie on top of a monument), and for the next we had an invitation to London Bridge. Thus it comes about that we have not seen the interior of one palace. Looking back now at my correspondence with Lieut.-Gen. Sir Thomas Biddulph and the Marquis of Hertford it is a satisfaction to reflect that I conducted it in a proper way, including postage stamps in every instance and always getting a reply, so that though out a few penny stamps personally the honor of my country has in no way been compromised.

COURT GOSSIP.

Whether or not we shall be presented formally at Court before leaving London, I do not know. It was our intention to be, certainly, for Mrs. Paul has a black silk that would do very well to wear if turned, and Jonathan Edwards could go in the character of a cherub, which would only require the strapping on his shoulders of a couple of feather-dusters; Mrs. Morninglory has a new corn-colored poplin similar to one, she says, which attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales at the ball given to him in New-York some years since; and Jones and I have both got the dress-coats we were married in; one of the tails of mine is eaten off by the moths, but Poole could patch it probably so it would do. All equipped as we are, however, on reading the instructions which are published for the benefit of those wishing to be presented, I find that "any noble or gentleman" ambitious of this honor must leave a card with his name plainly written thereon at the Lord Chamberlain's office, "two clear days before the levée." Now we've not had even one clear day since I've been here, and how two are reasonably to be looked for between this and the middle of next month, I do not see.

But for all our not being acquainted with any of the royal family, I question if more interest is felt in them by those permanently attached to their respective and respectable persons. If you could but know how my wild heart beats of a morning when I read on the editorial page of my dear *Times* (3d.) that the Princess Beatrice yesterday drove out with the Queen, and that in the afternoon the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Princess of Wales lunched with their royal mother-in-law! Ah, me! To know just what they "flopped their noble lips over," as my friend from Dutch Flat would say, to know exactly what the spread was, whether scolloped oysters, Yarmouth Bloater Paste (from Fortnum & Mason's) nicely spread on bread and butter, or one of those composite pies of antagonistic meats, so dear to the British heart, so perfectly ruinous to the American stomach, would be bliss indeed. But *The Times* is silent as to these details—the bald fact alone it thunders out, and then relapses into the majestic reticence of the sphinx. Could you but see, too, the ecstasy of Mrs. Morninglory when under the heading of "Court and Fashion" in our Sunday morning *Observer* she reads that the Right Honorable Countess of Mulligatawny, wife of the noble Earl of Mulligatawny, Count Vermicelli and Baron Mockturtle, daughter of the late Marquis of Westphalia, Earl of Aitchbone, Count Caoutchouc and Baron of Beefbone, has been safely delivered of a son, and is doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances, you must indeed realize that there are chords in the human breast which may not be twanged with impunity.

NATIONAL TRAITS IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

I think I have before remarked upon the apparent incapacity of the average Englishman to see the ridiculousness of things. A pompous old gentleman will show you with a serious face through the most dingy and dilapidated "apartments," expatiating all the while upon merits and advantages in which they are palpably deficient with the gravity of Prof. Tyndall lecturing on the laws of light and heat; a miserable little mutton-chop will be brought up on a huge silver-plated platter, by two servants in solemn black, while a butler at your elbow uncorks a bottle of thin sour wine as ceremoniously and pours it out as ostentatiously as though it were Lafitte or Hermitage, and the idea that anybody is or can be laughing at the humbug never seems to occur to a soul. Morning after morning you will read in the advertising columns of *The Times* that "a lady and gentleman will be happy to receive a gentleman; a most comfortable home offered; terms about two guineas per week;" that "a widow lady and her daughter desire to meet with a married lady and gentleman, or one or two ladies or gentlemen, to reside with them; terms two to three guineas;" or that "the daughter of a deceased clergyman, whose views are evangelical, having lost by death all near relatives, is desirous for companionship of meeting with a lady or sisters to reside with her."

Some one to "reside" with them, you see; the proud Briton is willing to "receive;" but as for taking anybody to board, perish the thought! "A lady and gentleman" or "the daughter of a deceased clergyman" would die before a word so vulgar, so hateful, should cross their lips. In most cases it is not the thing which these absurd persons in middle life object to, but the name of it. Am I wrong in thinking that the American, accustomed to strip a thing of its disguises and get at the real meat or bone which underlies, is less given to the habit of attempting to impose by an empty parade either upon himself or others? That he is apt to have more to eat with fewer servants and plates around, and better clothes on his own and his children's backs with less shine on his candlesticks? If mistaken, I apologize; if right, will not somebody tell me so?

The reverence for rank, already remarked upon, is simply astonishing to one accustomed to consider that he himself has as good a right to the road as any one. As an instance in point, at the head of my street a carriage was drawn up the other day. A group of ladies who had been making a call stood on the walk exchanging a few last words with the lady they were leaving. It was impossible to pass without brushing two or three of them off the walk, and the streets were muddy; they made no sign of moving, and the only way, unless one wished to be a brute, was to take the middle of the road for it and go round their carriage. "Who can these ill-bred women be?" I asked of a man who was forced to make the detour with me, pitching my voice rather high for their benefit. "Oh, some of the quality, you may be sure," he said in a subdued whisper, with an apologetic glance at them—all unconscious, he was, of the sarcasm his answer conveyed.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

It may be thought that I do not like England, that I do not like Englishmen. What then am I staying in London for? Finer climates I have seen; it was my intention to stay but a few days, and then make a straight wake for better weather. But we still linger, out of season though it is. And because: First, I hold that one can better see a place when the people are away. Next, there is so much in London to see. We are held as by chains. I feel at home here. These people are my people. They speak my language—with some variations, it is true, but still recognizably. I read a history with which I have been from boyhood familiar on every hand. Scarce a stone in the streets that does not have some story of its own to tell me. Think you I jump at the conclusion that this people know nothing? No, indeed. Nor yet, on the other hand, am I prepared to admit that they know it all! I am quite conscious that theirs is an older civilization than ours; that they have worked out not a few problems at which we are still guessing by actual experiment. The folly of attempting to teach one's grandmother how to suck eggs is apparent to me. At the same time I cannot forget that Christopher Columbus showed the grandfathers of a good many grandees how to stand an egg on end! Think you I am not willing to set down to England's credit any points of superiority? Why, bless your simple heart, the British Museum of to-day, even, beats Barnum's at its best; what it will be able to do in another thousand years or so no human calculation can predict. And London bridges and London beer are better than ours—older and more settled, if nothing more. England, I grant you, is given to anchoring on holding ground that she knows all about; we, as a nation—the fact is patent—are too ready to experiment. Yet, were it not for the American sewing machine, would not seamstresses in England still be singing the Song of the Shirt, and many advocates of the old be arguing against new-fangled notions without one? America is a sort of green apple at present, I'll admit, but in that very immaturity is there not a promise, a pledge indeed, of growth? And is not perfected ripeness but the first stage of rottenness? The vigorous young hickory and the stout old oak, rooted in different soils, stand on opposite sides of a stream, as it were, in a rivalry which after all but resolves itself into a horticultural contest. To me, looking on from the superior hights of experience and observation, it is apparent that the one has yet to take deeper hold on the juices of the earth, and bush out a little instead of running up so fast, while the other must submit to have some parasitical growths and excrescences scraped from off its rough old back if it would live and thrive. Wait but till I get through with the work I've begun in England; as she will emerge from under my hands, you'll have a country indeed. How long, for instance, after the beams of enlightenment which I am now shedding get back to England, will it be held that rank is the guinea's stamp? Will it not be discovered that the world is all around rather loose now-a-days, and that base metals are quite as apt to run in as gold? Surely it were only common commercial wisdom to test the coin—at least ring it on the counter—before permitting it to pass current, if not before putting the stamp on. JOHN PAUL.

ROBIN ADAIR.

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CHANDLER.

THE SWATARA'S VOYAGE TO THE AUCKLAND ISLANDS—AN INCIDENT OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: During the late voyage of the Swatara on the Transit of Venus Expedition, the parties she carried were mostly at work in Tasmania and New-Zealand, consequently the ship was some time at Hobart Town. One day in December, 1874, I was reading a Melbourne newspaper, and suddenly drew the attention of those near me to a paragraph, which I then read: "The German Consul has fears for the safety of the German party of observation who started some three months since to go to the Auckland Islands and establish a station." "By Jove," I said, "here we are, enjoying peace and comfort, and those poor fellows may be starving. I will go for them." The Auckland Islands are about 400 miles south of New-Zealand, in about 50° south latitude and 162° east longitude, and have never been properly surveyed. It was there that the ship Gen. Grant was wrecked. She ran into an immense cave and was ground to pieces, and a like accident, we thought, might have happened to the German party. So the Swatara was coaled and put in readiness. In the mean time telegrams were exchanged between myself and the German Consul, and the newspaper article was confirmed by the Consul. In those far southern latitudes the wind blows hard, and generally from the West, and soon the Swatara was bounding off at a rapid rate. In four days the island was seen, and on the day before Christmas the ship cautiously approached it and entered the harbor, its officers watching and looking for signs of life, but for some time without success. The bay is some six miles deep, and hope was almost giving away to fear that misfortune had befallen those poor fellows in search of scientific facts, when, on passing a small island in the bay, a circular observatory was seen standing out in bold relief, and over it floated the German flag. On getting nearer, three cheers were wafted over the water, and an answer was given that came from the heart. Soon a boat was sent on shore, and the whole German party, nine in all, came on board, looking fat and hearty, with no signs of having been in a starving condition on a desolate island. There were handshakings and congratulations and mutual explanations. We learned that the vessel that brought them was detained so that the crew could help put up the observatories and did not return to New-Zealand as was arranged before starting.

It being Christmas eve, of course they were all kept on board to dinner as the Swatara was only four days from Tasmania, and the officers had kept good fare for a Christmas dinner. There were the first astronomers and photographers of Germany, two German naval officers, and assistant astronomers and photographers sitting at the Christmas dinner on board an American man-of-war anchored in the harbor of a desolate island, and to a looker-on the friendly feeling displayed would lead one to think that a separated band of brothers had been reunited. Toast and song went round, and as the Swatara had a piano on board, belonging to one of the lieutenants, the songs were accompanied by music. Groups were here and there scattered about the ward-room, when the chief photographer of the Germans raised his hand to attract the attention of all. Streaks of gray were mingled with his black hair, and his face impressed one at once, and indicated that it belonged to a noble man. All eyes were turned toward him, and when silence reigned, he drew his mouth down so that one corner formed a small round O, and in melodious gentle strains began to whistle "Robin Adair." As bar after bar rolled out, musical, soft, and sweet, involuntarily all were drawn toward the old gentleman, and no instrument that ever was heard could give such expression to a tune as did that whistler. Voices were hushed, and those who had no music in their souls were entranced, and when the tune was finished it was just midnight. Our German friends soon left, and I will warrant that many dreams of old "Robin Adair" floated through the Swatara on that Christmas morning, way down at the cheerless, desolate Auckland Islands. R. CHANDLER, Captain, U. S. N.

Boston Feb. 20, 1876.

AMERICANS IN EGYPT.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

GEN. LORING IN VIRTUAL COMMAND—REPORTED RUSSIAN INTRIGUES AGAINST THE AMERICANS—IMPORTANT MILITARY REFORMS MADE BY THE AMERICAN OFFICERS—GREAT PUBLIC WORKS IN PROGRESS—TRADE DEPRESSED.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

CAIRO, Jan. 11.—The Abyssinian expedition will start from Massowah to march into Abyssinia as far as Adowa as soon as the present feast of Courbam Baïram is over, that is to say, in two or three days' time. The expedition consists of about 15,000 infantry and a few hundred cavalry with troops of camels and mules, and three batteries of artillery. The Commander-in-Chief is Ratib Pasha, a Circassian, who rendered himself notable in the time of the late Viceroy, Saïd Pasha, by attempting suicide because he had been publicly insulted by his august master. The ball he fired at himself passed upward through his nose, and to this day in giving the word of command to his troops he is obliged to stop the orifice in his nasal organ with his finger. Ratib Pasha distinguished himself also on the field of battle. In reality the command of the expedition is in the hands of Gen. Loring, whose eventful history is well known in America. The gallant General's long experience of Indian warfare, his long marches through savage country, will be invaluable to him in his present task. The Egyptian Government is exceedingly lucky in having in their service a man of such varied experience and tried worth. Although Gen. Loring has seen forty years' almost uninterrupted active work, he is still in the prime of life—having made his début at the green age of twelve—and seems to be very little inconvenienced by the loss of his left arm. He is accompanied by several American officers, Cols. Dye, Field, Derrick, Major Loss, Capt. Porter, and Dr. Wilson. The other officers of the expedition are all Circassians. The soldiers are, of course, Arabs. They are well drilled, neatly dressed in white uniforms cut in the zouave fashion, and look like tough fighting men. They do not march with the mechanical precision of the British grenadiers, nor have they the sprightliness of French troops; they trudge along in an enduring fashion, just the same as their brothers in arms in the Turkish army, but they are none the worse soldiers for that peculiarity. The recent defeat of the Arabs under Arendrup proves their bravery. Out of 770 men only about a score returned, and they were wounded. The others were all left dead on the field of battle. These fugitives relate that in their flight they came upon an Arab captain who was conducting a train of camels with ammunition and provisions for the advanced forces which had just met their fate. The wounded men hastily told him the facts and urged him to fly for his life. The man said, "What! leave my camels to die of hunger or fall into the hands of the Abyssinians? No; I shall remain with them, come what may." And so he did, and the Abyssinians, as it happened, fortunately for the plucky captain, did not venture to follow up their success, and so he brought back his camels and stores safely to Massowah. Prince Hassan, the Khédive's third son, who was educated at Oxford University and has studied military matters at Berlin, accompanies the expedition as a looker-on. It was said at the moment of his departure that he would take the command of the forces, but this is not very likely. According to my latest information, which I received from one of the ministers, the expedition has not the importance that it was originally intended it should have. No doubt this modification of the programme is due to the remarks made by the British Government. On the one hand, the English, recognizing the Abyssinians as Christians, do not wish to see them dominated by Mussulmans, and on the other they do not wish the Egyptians to throw away money on a fruitless campaign when that money would be better employed in paying creditors—who are, for the most part, English. The Egyptians have nothing to gain and much to lose by a war with Abyssinia. They recognize this fact now, but they must do something to regain their prestige in Abyssinia. They must have a fight and they must be victorious. This is the work before Gen. Loring. It is a difficult task, and if the Abyssinians are wise they will imitate the tactics of the insurgents in Herzegovina and render it impossible of accomplishment. They have only to distribute themselves and avoid a pitched battle, and they may harass their enemy and wear him out, even if he were immensely superior in point of numbers, which is the reverse of the fact. The Turks have over 100,000 men employed in chasing the Christian insurgents, which are not reckoned at more than one-fourth of that number, and the latter lead them a will-o'-the-wisp dance over hill and valley, which may go on indefinitely if it be not ended—as is most likely—by a general rising of the Christian dependencies of the Turkish Empire and of the Bulgarian people. The Abyssinians, under King John, are supposed to number about 80,000, half of whom are said to be armed with modern weapons. When the English invaded Abyssinia, in 1868, they had the friendship of all the tribes except that of Theodore, against whom they were operating, and their famous march to Magdala was only a triumph of engineering skill and military foresight. Yet that expedition, which consisted of only 12,000 regular troops, cost about $60,000,000. The Viceroy cannot count upon the friendship of any of the so-called Christian tribes in Abyssinia, and yet he expects to chase King John and his barbarous army at a cost of only $2,500,000. In the present state of his finances an Abyssinian war is sheer madness, and England has rendered him a most signal service in deterring him from prosecuting his original design.

I was told the other day by a very good authority that there is a Russian General here intriguing with the Viceroy to have the American officers dismissed and himself and some of his fellow countrymen appointed in their places; and my informant added that the General said that the Viceroy had taken his proposition into consideration. The General may be very old, but he must be very simple not to know that a Turk never says no. He is too polite, and out of pure kindness of heart leads you to believe that he is going to do as you want when he has not the slightest idea of doing anything of the kind. The reasons which weighed with the Khédive when he selected American officers to raise the standard of his men are quite as potent to-day as they were six years ago. The Khédive chose American officers in preference to Europeans for two reasons; first, because they were easily obtainable on the conclusion of the Civil War, and secondly, because he thus avoided wounding the delicate susceptibilities of any of the Great Powers. Further, in the event of complications in Europe, American officers are not likely to take sides nor have any other desire than to serve his Highness loyally. The appointment of a Russian General in the place of Gen. Stone would be tantamount to a rupture of relations between England and Egypt. It is quite probable that the Viceroy made the usual stereotyped diplomatic reply to the Russian General, that in case he saw it to the advantage of his Government to have the General's services he would not fail to avail himself of the General's offer, and upon that the old General is building his castles in the air.

Apart from the very cogent reasons I have given for the preference shown to American officers, I think the Viceroy's sense of justice, not to speak of his generous disposition, would not allow him to throw overboard the men who have reorganized his War Office, created his staff, trained his troops, and established his military schools, and, after all this rough, up-hill work has been done, bring in strangers to enjoy the results. The other day I visited the citadel, where the War Office is at present placed, and was surprised at the admirable organization which has been introduced by Gen. Stone. Six years ago the Egyptian army was without a staff, and the present War Office was an abandoned dwelling. Now the War Department is on a footing which, though not so extensive, would do credit, in so far as its working is concerned, to any European Power. The first section, under the control of Major W. B. Hall, has charge of papers; second section, under Lieut.-Col. Mori, is the printing department; third section, Col. Locket, engineering, surveying and drafting; fourth section, vacant; fifth section, Major Martin, military administration; sixth section, Col. W. H. Ward, material of war. The printing and drawing departments are most interesting to visitors. The printing department is well furnished, comprising a type foundery for European and Arabic type, stereotype laboratory, lithographic and typographic cylinder and hand-printing presses, and all binding is done on the premises. The work done is equal to any European printing. I saw specimens of printing in seven colors, which were very successful. All the workmen are Arabs. A large hall has been set apart as a sort of fancy armory. In it will be exposed the handsome present made to the Viceroy by the American Government of specimens of all weapons used in America since the war of independence, and of all the firearms submitted to the American Government. These interesting pieces have not yet been unpacked. In the drawing department I saw new maps of Egypt which had been compiled by young Arab officers from old maps and surveys made by American officers. The workmanship was as good as would be seen in any draughtsman's office in New-York. The exploring parties in the interior are all conducted by American officers. Col. Purdy has been for nearly a year out at Darfur in command of eight Arab officers and subalterns, with whom he has explored from Dongola on the Nile to the center of Darfur. Col. Colstone, with seven Arab officers, has been exploring from the Nile at Debbé to the center of Khordofan. Unfortunately Colstone fell dangerously ill, and is now on his way back. He is replaced by Major Proute. Col. Long, who served under Col. Gordon, made an expedition from Gondokoro down to Lake Victoria and back. He discovered Lake Ibrahim, lying between Lakes Albert and Victoria, and found that the river was navigable for a long distance between the two lakes, and confirms and completes Speke's observations. Major Mitchell is exploring the country at the back of Zeila, beyond the Red Sea. Col. Ward is surveying out at Cape Gardafui, with the view of discovering mines and fixing the geography. From the reports made by these officers, the map of Egypt is being rectified.

The schools established under the direction of American officers, notably by Gens. Stone, Loring, and Reynolds, have given excellent results. The common soldiers have been obliged to learn to read and write their own language, and their children, instead of groveling in the dust all day or playing like mud-larks on the banks of the Nile, receive a good elementary education. Those who show any aptitude at their studies are taught European languages. Most of the officers speak either French or English. No man can be promoted to the rank of corporal unless he can read and write. Each battalion has a school for common soldiers, and in each division of the army there is a school for their children. The education of children is not compulsory. It has not been found necessary to oblige soldiers to send their children to school. The division of the guards at the citadel alone has 800 boys in the military school. The army is becoming popular. Formerly soldiers could only be obtained by conscription; now men volunteer to serve. A splendid military school, with accommodation for 600 boarders, is in course of construction in the new quarter of Cairo called Ismaïlia. It will contain a fine library, billiard-room, drill-room, European and Turkish baths, and will cost $800,000. The painting of this academy will cost over $30,000. Among other buildings which as yet are only projected, is a cavalry barracks on the Abassieh road, Cairo, the frontage of which will be 1,040 meters. This is only a bald sketch of the work which is being done here by American officers, and merely gives an idea of their value to the Khédive. I have heard that Gen. Stone has been attacked in an American paper for not doing his best to advance his brother officers. It must not be forgotten that Gen. Stone, as Commander of the Staff, owes his first duty to the Khédive. It does not appear that the General has become so thoroughly Turk as to forget his own countrymen, as several of them of recognized worth have been advanced in rank since they have been in the Egyptian service. No doubt some have been disappointed. There always have existed and always will exist, I suppose, a class of men who value themselves higher than they are esteemed by others. From that class of men we get the "disappointed man," who is the most disagreeable creature imaginable.

Public works are visible on all hands in Egypt. When one arrives in Alexandria he is struck with the immensity and grandness of the port, the construction of which cost about $20,000,000. In Cairo he is surprised to find a European city tacked on to the old Arab quarters, broad streets of fine buildings with marble columns and Moorish arcades pushing their way through the tortuous windings of the old town. Avenues of acacias are planted everywhere, claiming gratitude from the pedestrian for their welcome shade. He sees new canals, involving prodigious work and expense, either just finished or in course of excavation, the great bridge over the Nile, the road to the Pyramids, and in the interior the development of the works of irrigation. It is almost inconceivable that so much has been accomplished in 13 years by the will of one man. It is true that the fellah, the peasant, does not appear to have made any progress. He is still as he ever was, a poor wretch, clothed in a blue shirt or blouse, reaching to his feet, and inhabiting a filthy mud hut. His condition cannot be changed by a wave of a magician's wand. Perhaps by the aid of the schools the Viceroy has established throughout the country, in the course of a few generations the fellah may become a decent member of society. The late Viceroy, Saïd Pasha, tried to improve the material condition of the fellah, and to that end had some model dwelling-houses built for them. What was the result? The fellah, instead of living inside the house, built up his mud hut against it, and lived in that, and the model farm-dwellings fell to ruin.

Merchants here complain bitterly of the state of trade. Cotton is down they say to a ridiculously low price and they are all losing money. Many of them made colossal fortunes during the American war, when there was a great run on Egyptian cotton. I was talking to one of these sorrowing merchants the other day about Egyptian finance, and after discussing all sorts of schemes to put them on a sound footing, he communicated to me his most cherished hope and the most infallible remedy for the present poverty of the Egyptian exchequer—another civil war in America.

ANECDOTES OF DR. BUSHNELL.

HOW AN INTERESTING BOOK CAN BE WRITTEN.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: Your notice of the late Dr. Bushnell was just and appreciative, but too short. And yet the writer of it, if he had set out to be at all comprehensive, might not have stopped short of writing a book. It is this very point to which I wish to direct attention. Now, while the recollections of so many persons are revived, and their minds are full of incidents concerning this great man, let all who can contribute any circumstance, anecdote, or expression of the Doctor, commit such to paper before they become dim in memory. For it must be that some one will undertake the duty of preparing a biography, and who, receiving these various contributions, will be greatly aided. With profound respect I venture to suggest that there are members of Dr. Bushnell's family preëminently qualified to give to the public a suitable biography of this most interesting man. Here are two anecdotes of him: In the early years of his residence in Hartford he boarded for a time with Mr. Daniel Burgess, who dealt in hard woods. One morning Mr. Burgess was awakened by the sound of vigorous wood-chopping. Looking out of the window, he saw Mr. Bushnell chopping away on some valuable mahogany logs, and remonstrated. "I can't help that," said Mr. Bushnell, "my doctor says I must have exercise, and recommends chopping wood, and I reckon my health is of more importance than a mahogany log." An incident that occurred when Mr. Bushnell was examined by the council called to settle him as pastor of the North Church illustrates his candor and the thoroughness of conviction he required of himself before promulgating his opinions. He was asked (by Dr. Hawes, if I remember aright) for his views on infant baptism. His reply was, "I haven't any." This was regarded as very strange, since he had been educated at the feet of the New-Haven Gamaliels, and later he was informed of the dissatisfaction occasioned by his answer. "Well," said he, "it's a true answer. Infant baptism is a disputed question, and I haven't made up my mind about it. When I do I'll announce it." The Rev. Mr. Twichell related an impressive incident of the Doctor at the funeral last Saturday. "I well remember that once when I was in his company—we were angling on a wild Adirondack mountain stream—things of this sort happening to be spoken of [of having helped others and given them thoughts to think about] I remarked that he must find a good deal of satisfaction in them. The Doctor turned to me, and in his abrupt manner replied with the utmost earnestness: 'The only thing I have any satisfaction in as respects myself is the consciousness I have that I loved truth, and above all things have desired to know it.'" E. R. K.

New-York, Feb. 24, 1876

PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY.

HOME AND CLUB LIFE.

CHARACTERISTICS OF OLD RESIDENTS—RESPECT FOR DESCENT—THE POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CLUBS—QUIET LIVES SOUGHT.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25.—What newspaper reader has not, time and again, read of the peculiarities of society in New-York, in Boston, in Washington? And what a number of letters one sees in print describing social doings in London, Paris, Florence or Rome. But how rare it is to find anything in the papers about Philadelphia society. I remember to have seen only two or three letters on this topic, and they were by English writers, and were full of the absurd mistakes Englishmen are almost sure to make when trying to tell their countrymen what they saw in America. There are 800,000 people within the limits of the Centennial City—twice as many as in Boston, more than in Berlin—and of course there is what people call society here, with phases and characteristics of its own worthy of study and description. If it has made no figure heretofore in the papers, it is because Philadelphia has been the most provincial city of its size—yes, of half its size—in the world.

An experienced traveler and shrewd observer once said: "There are five cities in the United States worth living in—Boston, New-York, Washington, New-Orleans, and San Francisco. Each is self-centered, and in each you find a society with a marked individual flavor. All the other cities are mere marts of trade, and their society smacks of the shop." He was unjust toward Philadelphia; knowing nothing, probably, of the upper crust of the *pot pourri* of its social life—indeed few do, whose grandfathers were not born here. The society of Philadelphia (accent on the definite article) has its peculiarities, none the less marked because not obtrusive and demonstrative. The first thing to be said about it is that it is remarkably small in size for so large a place, and this arises from the fact that the city has little centripetal force to draw to it people of consequence from other places. It does not attract men of wealth like New-York, nor literary and scientific men like Boston, nor politicians like Washington. It grows at the base, increasing its population rapidly, because its proximity to the anthracite coal-fields makes it a great manufacturing center, but the apex of the social pyramid enlarges very slowly. The men and women in society to-day are, for the most part, the grandchildren of those who composed the society of two generations ago. Go to the Historical Society rooms, and look at the names signed to the invitations to the assemblies of the time of the Revolution, then glance at the list of committees for the last grand affair at the Academy of Music, and you will be surprised to find how many families have held on to the top round of the social ladder for a century.

Great weight attaches to family descent, and in that respect Philadelphia is more English than any other American city. It is said that when a young woman "comes out" in New-York people ask, "Is she rich?" in Boston, "What does she know?" in Baltimore, "Is she pretty?" Here the question is, "Who is she?" which means, "Who was her father? who was her grandfather? has she good blood in her veins?" Naturally a society that lays such stress upon ancestry is very exclusive. There is little admixture of new elements—too little for fresh and sprightly conversation to abound. People who have seen each other from childhood, and know each other's family histories for five or six generations back, have not much to say when they meet, and thus the talk of the drawing-room and the dinner-table is often rather dull. It traverses the ground between the Schuylkill and the Delaware again and again, but seldom attempts distant flights. New comers in Philadelphia do not find it easy to get within the charmed circle of Upper Tendom. Wealth is not a certain passport. Their credentials are scrutinized carefully, and if accepted they are made to feel for the first five years or so of their stay that they are on probation. Strangers visiting the city who bring letters of introduction are sure of hospitable entertainment. Invitations to dinner are about as certain, as in England, to follow the presentation of such letters. People in society are fond of dining out, and in the best families the cookery is always excellent and the wines good. In house furnishing there is much less display than in New-York, and one much oftener sees old furniture cherished for its associations. The plain and often ugly exteriors must not, however, be supposed to be the correct outward signs of the interior appearance of the houses. Behind the red brick walls and white board shutters you will find the spacious rooms well filled with furniture that often strikes a happy medium between English and French taste, and there are abundant evidences of a cultivated liking for art and bric-à-brac. Some of the finest private collections of pictures in this country are found in Philadelphia.

Geographically, "our best society" does not extend much beyond the narrow parallelogram formed by Chestnut and Pine-sts. on the north and south, Eighth-st. on the east, and the Schuylkill on the west. There is a remnant on Third and Fourth-sts., in what was the aristocratic quarter in the last century, and there is a suburban colony in Germantown, a few families north of Market-st., and a few more in West Philadelphia. The center of our May Fair is Rittenhouse-square, and its great artery is Walnut-st. On Sunday afternoons, just after church services are over, it is the correct thing to promenade in this street. For an hour the sidewalks are thronged with well-dressed people, who all seem to know each other, so frequent are the greetings exchanged by the passing groups. Mingling in one of the counter-currents of the slowly-moving procession, you are struck with the number of women who are positively pretty. Handsome faces and good physiques predominate. The costumes are tasteful and elegant, and there is not as much over-dressing as in New-York. The men do not impress one as favorably. They seem to lack the high intellectual culture of the East, and have not the strong individuality and force of character of Western men. This singular creation of making a Sunday boulevard of a street ordinarily quiet to the verge of monotony is, I am told, a very old one. It is imitated up town, where the members of a newer aristocracy—an aristocracy of wealth got by recent success in trade or in the devious paths of politics—take their after-church airing on North Broad-st.

The clubs are not as numerous as in New York and do not play as important a rôle in the social life of the upper classes. The two great politico-social clubs—the Union League and the Reform—are, however, of considerable consequence in the field of local politics, and in this respect have no counterparts in this country. The League tries to keep a rein upon the irresponsible politicians who control the Republican party, but with indifferent success; the Reform opposes them openly and vigorously, but with not much better success. Once the League was a club of gentlemen, brought together by the common purpose of aiding the Government in the war, but after the war closed, the men who had come to the surface in municipal politics during the struggle gained admittance, perverted the spirit of the organization, caused a split out of which grew the Reform Club, and were only beaten by a close vote a few weeks ago in an effort to capture the organization. The League has a membership of about 1,800. Its club-house is the finest in the country, and contains a good library, and a great number of portraits and busts of statesmen and generals who figured largely in the Rebellion. It is a capital place to eat and drink, smoke and read the papers, for men who have leisure and money—an elegant private hotel, in short; but the membership is too large, and too mixed for it to be a social force. You are just as likely to meet men there with whom you have nothing in common and do not wish on any account to associate, as in the halls of the Continental Hotel or the Girard House. The Reform Club owns a fine double house of white marble in Chestnut-st. It has about 1,000 members, and tries to improve politics by kid-glove methods. It means well, and tries hard, but accomplishes little. The restaurant is good and the wine-cellar well stocked; but there are no books or pictures, and very little social converse goes on in the handsomely upholstered rooms. A pleasant feature of both these clubs are the open-air concerts in gardens in the rear of the club-houses, twice a week in Summer, which are attended by ladies.

Oldest of the clubs is the Philadelphia, inhabiting a venerable brick building on Walnut-st. The members number about 200, and are all society men. There are no literary, artistic, or political features, and if the criticism of one of its members is just, it is an association of men of inferior culture, who are fond of card-playing and good living. Its antipodes is found in the Penn Club, a new institution, composed of authors, journalists, university professors, artists, and lawyers, with a sprinkling of doctors and divines. A man must be engaged in some pursuit that presupposes the possession of brains to gain admission. The membership is limited to 200, and is full. Twice a month the club gives receptions in its very modest quarters, at Locust and Eighth-sts., and one is pretty sure to meet there whatever celebrities may happen to be in the city at the time, whether musicians, lecturers, authors, Centennial Commissioners from foreign countries, actors, or journalists. The receptions are informal, and the simple supper eaten at 11 o'clock serves to stimulate rather than retard conversation.

The Social Art Club originally met at the houses of its members, but now it has a local habitation in Chestnut-st., opposite the Reform. Once a month it holds reunions devoted to the exhibition and discussion of art or bric-à-brac, laces, bronzes, fans, Chinese curiosities, porcelain, pottery, coins, glass, engravings, medallions, cameos, miniatures, etc., are taken up by turn. The members contribute from their own collections or borrow from those of their friends objects to illustrate the topic chosen for the evening's entertainment, and thus very novel and interesting displays are made. Usually a paper is read and general discussion follows.

The Merchants' Club has a house on Third-st. Its members are in the main bankers, brokers, and merchants, who use it only as a down-town dining or lunch place. It gives no evening receptions. The Saturday Club is an association of 50 wealthy men, and meets every Saturday evening at the houses of its members, in turn. The host invites his friends, and each member can get an invitation from him for one person, so that the assemblies usually number about 100. There is always a supper, and in the elegance and expense of this part of the entertainments there is a good deal of rivalry. The conversation is not always brilliant, but the terrapin is sure to be well cooked and the champagne of the best brand. The artists have a club of their own—the Sketch Club—that occupies a suite of very pleasant rooms on Penn-square. Occasionally they give inexpensive entertainments that are exceedingly enjoyable affairs. Of the numerous musical clubs, the many union literary clubs, and host of little social organizations, I have not space to speak. Returning to my main theme, the general characteristics of Philadelphia society, let me say in conclusion, that its merits are of that quiet, undemonstrative kind that are best appreciated by long acquaintance. If not brilliant, it is sound and sincere; if exclusive, it is home-loving and hospitable within its prescribed limits; if somewhat dull, it is never vulgar. People who come from other great cities to live in Philadelphia find life here terribly stupid the first year; the second, they think it at least endurable, the third they begin to like it, and after the fourth they would live nowhere else.